VIA SOLITARIA. [An unpublished poem, by Henry W. Long-

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Officends! I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone,

No more for me you lake rejoices, Though moved by loving airs of June. O birds! your sweet and piping voices

In vain for me the elm-tree arches Its plumes in many a feathery spray; In vain the evening starry marches And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers; They gaze on other fields than ours— On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer, The blade is stolen from the sheath; Life has but one more boon to offer, And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though sie who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living Who drew their earliest life from thee, a Ishall be free.

For life to me is as a station, Wherein apart a traveler stands— One absent long from home and nation, In other lands; And I, as he who stands and listens, Amid the twilight's chill and gloom, To hear, approaching in the distance, A train for home.

For death shall bring another mating, Beyond the shadows of the tomb; On yonder shore a bride is waiting Until I come. In vonder field are children playing,

And there—O vision of delight!— I see the child and mother straying

In robes of white Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest Stealing the treasures one by one.

Til call Thee blessed when Thou makest

The parted—one. Sept. 18, 1863.

Now that our best and sweetest poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the above touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife, in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction. 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearfal eyes when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart, he has waited at the "station" till now, at last, "the parted" are made "one."—H. M. Goodwin, in N. Y. Independent.

## THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

- A True and Deeply-Affecting Story. It was early morning.

"Is this the way, sir, to Sing Sing?" "Yes," roughly replied a broad-faced

Countryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. and on an hour longer. "Is this the way to Sing Sing, sir?"

"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lips quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its expression was.

The dew was fallen. Katie had fallen, too, almost. A rough stone by the way, imbedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so worn and tired, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on her hands that were clasped over her face. By the shaking of her frame the tears were coming, too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why, what is the dear little girl doing here?" The exclamation came from a pair of young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katie, looking up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the young lady and her agreeable looking companion.

"Whatever are you doing here, little girl!" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer toward the frightened child. "Going, Miss, to Sing Sing," said

"Why, George! this child is going to Sing Sing—ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Kate shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears, one by one. "Why, you little goose, what are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"

Kafie shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the child shook her head.

"No breakfast. Why, George, the poor thing must be almost starved!"

"I should thing so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of

sympathy. "Look here, what's your name? Well, girl you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Follow me, and we'll take care of you tonight somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katie followed. What a glorious

vision burst upon her view! The palatial house; the rocks reddening in the low western sun; the shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

"Susan, give this child a good sup-per; she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine. After that I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her back into the

Meanwhile her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing-room. The sylphlike figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive

gestures, and now and then a little laugh. to Sing Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must look her up something to wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then may be we can manage to have her carried some distance.
O! such an odd little thing."
"Who is that, my danghter?"

I was talking of a little mite of a child; here." said the childish voice.

is going to Sing Sing." "I met her on my way," said the pleasant-faced old man, " she asked me about it and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I think, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettings were put up, the gas was burning brightly, and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the odd little figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "O, I've something to show you,

girls!" and disappeared.
Susan was picking gooseberries near
the pantry in the kitchen. "Where is the child, Susie!" asked Nell Maywood,

"On the doorstep, Miss."
"Why, no, Susan, there's nobody to

"No! Miss." Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she sat there sometime after supper. I turned and came in; she was your daughter-wants to see you." sitting there, looking up, up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly; she's gone. Let me see, there ain't any silver around—I should be afeared she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there, to spy her if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not further relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing; and perhaps she will come back againif so, will you send her to me?"

"If she do I will, miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again. But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in an open field; crawled in some hay; she would have open, and they came together with a has been, a representative Stalwart, evwalked all night if she had dared, but clanking sound—together about the form ery body knows. That at the time of she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warden, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting the Warden of Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night that it is Kate, and I expect that she and then his eyes fell under her earnest, wants to see somebody in prison. But we can't get anything out of her-where she's come from or anything about it."

for help: may be she's just the one." So Kate stood, trembling more than ever, in a few moments, in the presence of the Warden and jailer. Kate was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and

curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet. "Well, my little girl," said the Warden, kindly-for he was prepossessed in her favor-"where have you come

from ?" "New York," said the child, faintly. The men looked at each other incred-

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing from New York on

"Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?" " To see my father." The child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the warden, kindly. "He is Mr. Lovd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing

The warden looked at the jailer. "Loyd; there are three Loyds here Jim, Bondy and Dick," said the

jailer. "That may not be their proper names," responded the warden.
"That's so," said the jailer, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your

father's name Jim?" The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed with the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.
"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said

this morning for 'tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal like that one, the villain. Come child, I'll 'Father, when you come out, I'll cumstances permit, and there is every the jailer, in a low voice; "he's in irons go and find your father."

He took Katie's shaking hand; with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailer applied the great key, and the stillness of long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bars and bleak, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailer, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and the space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved a tomb in which were confined living hearts-whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through that passageway. Everything spoke of crime—of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control—everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watchdog to the sentinels

armed. Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a standstill. The jailer rapped at a cell-door. Slowly the figure of a man, with a harsh, hair-covered face, appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailer. "Little girl! hem! you're green, said the man, in glum accents. "I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me

gron County Register she can't be more than ten, if that. I sounded so sweet, so the terrible prison. But as the scowling the most forlorn object. She says she face came close to the bars, the child the most forlorn object. she can't be more than ten, if that. I sounded so sweet, so childish, in that hid her head quickly in the jailer's arm, half sobbing; it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one."
He walked further, and spoke more pleasantly this time: "Well, Bondy, here is little Kate; don't you wan't to see her?" "Little Katie-" there was a long pause. "I had a Kate once-not a little Katie: I broke her heart-God pity me!

Go on, it can't be for me." Again the sweet voice rang out: "

The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light wavy hair—a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent—a face that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. It was a child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed,

crying:
"Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

Katie had hidden her face a second time as she feebly cried, "Itisn't him; so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl-little Katie, A stupid "what!" came from the bed; the man had probably just awak-

"Your little daughter." There was a sound of rattling irons that made the girl shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a wellmade man-the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as the chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below.

With a loud, convulsive cry she ex-claimed: "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailer. "Katie!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the

muscles of the mouth; "Whatever has brought her here?" The jailer was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked the warden. Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "Yes," issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door and put the child within. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide

of that poor little child. "Oh, father!" "Oh, Katie, Katie!" and then there was a quiet crying. By-and-by the man lifted the little head, whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulder-and oh! in some out-of-the-way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her the ear—and looked in her face. After in. We can't find out her name, except a moment's irresolution he kissed her,

loving look. "Katie, what made you come?" "Wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again. will be here again and let you out

How did you come, Katie?" "I walked here." "From New York, child?" "Yes, father."

chains, as he strained her closer to his "And how did you leave-her. Katie -vour mother?" The question was asked fearfully, but after another they were politely invited

not responded to. He gazed eagerly in down and out, until only a single indi-the child's face; her little lip was quiv- vidual of the original members now re-"Katie, tell me quick!"

"She died, father!" A groan-a terrible groan-followed; the man's head fell in the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries, refuse. If there were any doubt about The jailer and the warden said that they never saw a sight so woeful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his Cabinet appointment, that of William strength seemed to be gone and his sobs E. Chandler to the naval Secretaryship.

were like gasps. "O. Katie, when did she die? O. my poor May! my poor girl!" "Ever so long ago, I think; ever so as well as a compliment to his skill as many weeks," replied the child; "but an unscrupulous political trickster. He she told me to come and see you, and is a friend of John Roach, and there-

comfort you." "O, this is hard; very hard; she always forgave me.' "She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you would you be have been made up to the present time

her in Heaven. "In Heaven! I in Heaven?" groaned the man, giving way in his agony. The child was angel-guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good than the that the old alliance between the two stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love melted down the adamant; had found the good locked the Chief Magistracy, while the up in his nature, and she had sent her offer of a seat on the Supreme Bench to sweet smiles through its prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared nate are still in full accord. In short,

take care of you." He lifted his head; his eyes, red with

weeping, were fastened on her face. " Mother said I might." "God's blessing on you, my precious child; you may save your miserable

father!" "I will, father." The warden cleared his throat; the jailer spoke roughly to one of the pris-oners-it was to hide his emotion. "You had better come now," he added, going to the cell.

again, my child?" "Can't I stay, father?" "No, dear; but you shall come and see me again." They took her gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the warden's room stood a pleasant-faced

"Katie, you must go; will you come

old man. "I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story, and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Beside that,
I'll bring her up once a week to see him.
What say, little one, will you go with

me?" And good old Mr. Maywood stroked her hair as he said pityingly, "Poor child! poor child!" Ten miles from Sing Sing prison there is now a little cottage occupied by an industrious man and his daughter. Little Katie is fulfilling the commands of her dving mother. She is taking care of him as well as of herself. ,

The Purpose of the Administration.

Mr. Arthur has now occupied the Executive chair seven months, and though none of his acts during this period are of any great importance, he has done enough to indicate pretty clearly the manner of man he is and the principles and purpose of his Administration. While it is quite evident that he is not a man who could have reached the Presidency without the aid of an unfortunate dispensation of Providence, it is equally evident that he possesses very considerable ability of a certain sort. Indeed, without such ability he could never have played the prominent part he did in New York politics, never have been the trusted friend and lieutenant of Conkling, never have received through his influence one of the most important effices in the gift of the Government and the Vice-Presidential nomination at Chicago. He has that mixture of shrewdness and tact which belongs to the trained politician and cultured man of the world. He knows when to talk and when to keep silent, and he does very little talking. He is as reticent as Grant used to be, but for a different reason and in a different way. He has decided opinions and a strong will. partially concealed under a dignified and graceful demeanor. The gloved hand has a grip of its own, and there are some indications of claws. The still water runs much deeper than many suspect. From the day Garfield was shot until he died, Mr. Arthur behaved with admirable taste and discretion. The ordeal was a most trying one, but he was fully equal to it. He withdrew as far as possible from the public gaze, and neither by word nor deed, hint or suggestion, interfered in the least with the management of affairs he was soon to control. He did nothing, said nothing, allowed nothing to be said or done for him, to which the most unfriendly critic could object. His conduct was absolutely faultless, and, consequently, when the time came for him to step to the highest place, even those who most bitterly regretted the change of rulers had no just ground for complaint. He had effectually spiked the guns which otherwise would have opened tire on him at once. This freedom from immediate attack secured him the necessary leisure and mental equanimity to mature his plans for future op-

eration. That President Arthur is, and always the assassination of Garfield open war had broken out between the two wings of the Republican party, and the Administration was at swords' points with Grant, Conkling & Co., is equally well known. That the new President fully sympathized with his friends, and, previous to his acession, had lent them all possible aid and comfort, is also well known. Consequently the temptation to immediate and pronounced espousal of their cause must have been very great; but he had sufficient wisdom to resist it, popular grief was over, and paid a cards and note paper of the most approved style, and by refraining from all There was no sound, save that of the festivities until the proper interval had hains, as he strained her closer to his clapsed. Then he laid aside his official woe and quietly proceeded to business. He did not at once make a clean sweep of his predecessor's Cabinet, but one mains, that individual being Secretary of War Lincoln, who is a Stalwart Grant Republican, and owes his place to the persistent demands of Senator Loganwhom Garfield could not conveniently Arthur's views and intentions, it would be completely removed by the latest Chandler is a deserter from Blaine, whose confidential tool he recently was. and this is the reward of his desertion. fore presumably in close affiliation with the naval ring of which that renowned contractor and lobbyist is the head center. Such changes in minor offices as real good after you came out, and meet are all, or nearly all, in the Stalwart interest, and those foreshadowed will be in the same direction. The ostentations entertainment given to Grant at the White House indicated unmistakably was strengthened rather than weakened by the elevation of the junior partner to Conkling, though declined, shows that the ex-Senator and his former subordicumstances permit, and there is every reason to believe his wing of the party will have cause to be satisfied with the quantity and quality of that work during the remainder of his term. If the Stalwarts are not made "solid" beyond all danger of shaking, and if the next Republican nomination for the Presidency is not put into their hands, then it will not be the fault of the man who owes so much to Guiteau's bullet. It is by no means impossible, and not very improbable, that Arthur may have aspirations for that honor himself. His shrewdness and tact, and the immense opportunity he has for using them, may enable him to fix the Presidential slate; if not for himself, then for his favorite, whoever that may be. When Arthur was nominated "by a scratch" at Chieago, the anti-Stalwart Republicans consoled themselves with the thought that he was only a figure-head. But by grace of Guiteau, the figure-head has been promoted, and is utilizing his promotion in a way which proves him an accomplished diplomate and wide-awake politician, if nothing else. - St. Louis Re-

> The license imposed on commercial travelers for the whisky trade by the State of Nevada is so heavy that drummers have in several instances paid the expenses of Nevada merchants to Truckee, Cal., where they exhibit their samples non was dust brought by and take orders, this being cheaper than Africa.—Chicago Journal. paying the license. - Denver Tribune.

a straw-stacking machine.

Being Found Out at Last.

Evidence comes from every side that the Republican Joseph Surface is at last being found out, and that sensible people are appreciating at their proper worthlessness the beautiful sentiments which have been the sole stock-in-trade of the grand old party of God and mo-rality for some years back. Its trickery in dealing with the Chinese question has lost it the Pacific slope without insuring any compensation in the East. After clamoring in its own ears for a quarter of a century that the Mormon problem must be dealt with, it has finally, in taking action, produced a measure, indig-nation at the unconstitutionality of which does not exclude disgust with its imbe-cility. It has raised the tariff issue and displays a Frankenstein terror of the monster it has evoked. After denouncing Tammany for years it has been forced into a public alliance with that organization. Parading as the sole champion of the public credit, it has surrendered to Mahone, and pretending to inaugurate an era of economy at Washington it has revived the rings and the lobbyists and entered upon a career of extravagance which has provoked the protests of its own most reckless organs. It is upon the temperance question, however, that the Republican party has done some of its most characteristic straddling. For many years it has denounced the Democracy as the party of the rum-shops, and proclaimed itself the sole guardian of the Sabbath and society against the open or insidious attacks of godless foreigners, at the same time qualifying its ferocious virtue in practice so as not to offend the anti-Prohibitionists beyond remedy. The Republicans have always been in favor of a Temperance law but "agin its enforcement," and for a long time the Prohibitionists have, with eyes shut in ecstacy, fed upon their flapdoodle and regarded it as honey dew and the milk of Paradise. This was all very well so long as the temperance men brought an unquestioning faith to the digestion of their diet, and, in the graceful language of the Times, the temper-ance movement in practical politics did not amount to "the squeak of a boot." Of late, however, the Prohibitionists have demanded that their Republican well-wishers shall formulate their abstract hatred of the rem-shops in concrete acts and amendments, and the anti-Prohibitionists have taken up ground with like zeal on the other side. so that the Republicans have found themselves compelled to espouse one side or the other. Last year in Ohio they declined to restrict the liquor trade, and provoked such a demonstration of hostility on the part of the temperance men that if the Democrats had stood faithfully by their ticket Governor Foster would have been buried out of sight. This scared the Republicans, and last week they passed a Liquor bill as a concession to the temperance men. Like all trimming measures, the Pond act only exasperated the classes to patiently watch and wait, and "make at which it was directed without pleas-Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn; the sun played hoth on her forehead. She walked on his shoulder again.

Head was on his shoulder again.

to patiently watch and wait, and "make haste slowly." He maintained a "massing the people at whose demands it was shot—the latter being four feet in length introduced. The liquor-dealers and studded with thirteen rows of four for help; may be she's just the one."

to patiently watch and wait, and "make haste slowly." He maintained a "massing the people at whose demands it was shot—the latter being four feet in length introduced. The liquor-dealers and studded with thirteen rows of four for help; may be she's just the one." opponents of prohibition and the whole stude eachtouching tribute to that grief in "cus-tomary suit of solemn black," mourning forces against the Republicans, and the degrees, the shot first grazed the ground temperance men have looked grimly on at the distance of 4,687 yard, or more without raising a finger in aid of their than two miles and a half, and then

8,500 against them. In Cleveland a Republican majority of 3,000 is turned into a Democratic majority of 1,800, and from every other part of the State comes intelligence to the same effect. In Indiana the Democrats and Germans united to oppose the Prohibition amendment, and, rallying to their support the anti-Prohibitionists of the Republican party and many of the negroes, whipped the Republicans at the State capital by 1,000 votes in a contest which, we were informed on high Republican authority three weeks ago, would "almost certainly foretell the result of the November election." In the Republican red in the face. stronghold of Wayne, Richmond elects a Democratic Trustee for the first time since the formation of the Republican party. In Illinois, Chicago and Springfield lead the way to a political revolu-tion in the State. In Michigan, where the temperance issue has begun of late to complicate politics, all is at sea, and in Iowa, where the Republicans solemnly declare it to be the meaning of the Pro-hibitory amendment that it did not prohibit the manufacture of liquors for sale outside of the State, gratifying Demo-cratic gains are announced. All the in-dications are that in the West the divisions of the Republican party are no less marked than they are here, and that upon an issue of paramount importance in a section where there is a rural population demanding prohibition and an ur-ban population insisting on at least a rea-sonable regulation of the liquor trade the insincerity of the Republicans has been fully found out by both sides. If the Republicans raise their old war-cry of "Curse the Dutch!" they will certainly be routed, and if they drive out the Prohibitionists their defeat is about as certain. | red. They have also to anticipate the hostility of the German populations on two other grounds. The sons of the Father-land who left it to avoid the grinding tyranny of the compulsory military system are keenly alive to the consequences of that Republican practice of refusing the full protection of the Republic to its naturalized citizens, and as property-owners and people of marked frugality and integrity they are opposed to the system of jobbery and extravagance reinaugurated at Washington by a Republican Congress. Charm they never so wisely, the Republican managers in the West will have no easy task in whistling the Germans back to their allegiance.—N. Y. World.

-The British ship Berean, which has recently made the passage from Yosmania round Cape Horn to England, met with a curious phenomenon in the Atlantic Ocean. When passing the Cape de Verde Islands the sails and rigging of the ship were found coated with a fine powdery dust of a saffron or dark vellow color. It was the most plenty on the highest part of the rigging. From the fact that the Northeast trade winds which sweep across the African deserts were blowing with unusual force, it is thought the phenome-non was dust brought by them from

-A Brooklyn tailor claims that he -An Indiana inventor has patented does a large business in letting out on hire mouraing suits for funerals.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-All the various mines and coke works along the New River, West Virginia, are in full blast, with plenty of orders for coal and coke. Business generally is going along finely, with apparent prospects of continuing to do so for some time.

-German settlers in the Roanoke Valley, of Virginia, have given by their example a wonderful impulse to the fruit growing business. The farmers in Bot-etourt and Roanake are setting out fruit trees by the thousand.

-Henry Henkle, a Rochester (N. Y.) inventor, is engaged in a project to generate electricity on an immense scale and transmit the electric current to any point desired for illuminating and other purposes.

-Mr. John P. Gibson, of Hexam, England, lately described how he succeeded in taking the photograph of a flash of lightning. He used Swan's plates, backed with red paper. The lens employed was a half-inch rapid symmetrical, with the largest stop but one

Coal-tar seems to possess a marvel-ous potentiality. Already it has been compelled to yield, under the hand of the chemist, carbolic acid, picric acid, paraffine, all the aniline dyes, artificial madder, artificial indigo, etc., and now it promises to be a source of quinine; a substance called chinoline, closely re-sembling quining has been manuface. sembling quinine, has been manufac-tured from it. It is believed that chemists will soon be able to produce pure quinine itself.

-The London Globe announces that the Sultan and the wise men of Turkey are about to enter upon the study of astronomy. Constantinople is to have an observatory with all suitable instruments. It seems that the Turks want to know about this revolution of the plan ets and such things. The Moors in Spain were excellent astronomers and mathematicians; but the Turks have until recently regarded astronomers as wonder-workers, who should be viewed with suspicion.

-A mode has been described for demonstrating that yellow color can be formed by combining red and blue. This consists in mixing a red solution of chromate of potash with a blue solution of litmus, and, on filling it into a glass cell of a certain thickness, the light transmitted through it is seen to be yellow. Plates of glass coated with gelatine impregnated with chromate of potash, placed side by side with plates coated with galatine impregnated with litmus, also transmit yellow light. It is found however, that the eyes of different persons vary not a little in their power of appreciating the tinge of the transmitted yellow.—N. Y. Graphic.

—The eighty-ton gun at Woolwich has proved its capacity not only to throw a great ball an immense distance, but that its accuracy is remarkable. In one instance the charge of powder used was 370 pounds, and the weight of the was 1,700 pounds. On the pseudo-friends. Cincinnati, which elects went ricochetting along several miles two Republican Congressmen, gives further. The time of flight till it first struck was 11.3 seconds, and the report made by this vast piece of ordnance is described as having been tremendous.— N. Y. Sun.

## PITH AND POINT.

-The Baltimore Sun asks "why don't the millionaire editor—" Hold on, sir! Stop a moment; which of us do you mean?"—Detroit Post.

-"Yes, sir," said Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh.
I laughed till I cried." And when he saw a smile go around the room he grew

-" How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl "the candles fell into the water and I put them in the oven to dry."

—Recently an Ohio man on his travels found a shell on the Gettysburg battle-field. He took it home and put it in the stove to see if it was real. It was genuine. But the slove is the most glaring imitation you ever looked at .- Hawkeve.

Boston announces a new paper called *The Bachelor*. It is a singular title. It will probably be edited by a man who has not Benedicted to going with the girls. We advise him not to print any Old Maidover jokes.—Norristown Herald. -Town has been asked whether it is

unladylike to carry a pug deg, and it answers that pugs are not going out of fashion, but that the uglier the dog the better the contrast it gives to the good looks of the owner. The saffrontinted pug is the best, because it contrasts well with the fashionable mastic -Some men who never give up a cent

-Some men who never give up a cent until they are obliged to, object to having donations published. "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," said one who never gave anything but advice. "Yea, verily," said a bilious brother in the corner; "what I give is nothing to nobody." He was right.—N. O. Picayune.

-If a young man is of proper age, —If a young man is of proper age, can support a wife, and is reasonably industrious, he is pretty sure to walk into the trap before thirty. After that age—well, of course, he has had experience and is probably matured in his judgment, and, having glanced at the married life of many people, concludes to jog along toward the home stretch in single harness.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## What Did They Mean ?

The following conversation between two colored citizens on the subject of vaccination was recently overheard on the streets of Austin:

"I has about made up my mind to hab myself vaccinated again. Has you eber had yourself vaccinated a second time before?"

"Yes, sah; I'se been vaccinated the second time free or four times before, and hit tuck ebery time ceptin' de fust

As the object of colored conversationalists is not to obtain information, but to merely hear themselves talk, they parted perfectly satisfied with the interview.

—Texas Siftings.